ground, mortally wounded.

without expecting armed resistance.

already explained that originally

bandit. He had started his career

by revenging on individuals that

which really was the fault of circum-

stances. This mistake led him on to

the path of crime. As soon as he be-

gan to rob men for their money he

Yet his conscience was ever active

he thought of entering a monastery.

of the wounded man. A voice with

of his crimes.

Paolo Saviello was not a common

shots through the coach windows.

Is There Anything Here You Want?

OUR BARGAINS DON'T GO BEGGING FOR BUYERS!

THEY ARE TOO GOOD A THING!

WE SIMPLY ANNOUNCE THEM! PRUDENT PEOPLE DO THE REST!

A dandy Cook Stove for \$19.00. A dandy Wood Cook Stove for \$8.75. A full line of Steel and Cast Ranges. Double-shovel Plows at \$1.85. Plow Points 25c. and 30c. Garden Hoes and Rakes 25c., 30c. and 40c. Long handle dirt shovels only 50c.-SEE. Wooden Churns, just think, only 75c. Bird cages 60c. to 80c. Coffee Mills 25c. to 50c.

We are offering genuine Bargains, and our stock of Doors, Sash, Glass, Lime and Cement is complete and at prices that defy competition.

ARTHUR EDWARDS.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. BALDWIN DAY.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

SPILMAN, W. VA.,

A. R. BARBEE, M. D.,

(Northwest Cor. 6th and Main Sts.,)

POINT PLEASANT, WEST VA.

Office hours from 6 a. m. to 2 p. m. and 5 to 10 p. m. [may 3, 1882.

ATTORNEYS.

GEO. POFFENBARGER.

Attorney at Law,

POINT PLEASANT, W. VA.

Attorney-at-Law,

POINT PLEASANT, - - WEST VA.

OFFICE:-Room No. 3, Court House Practices in all of the State and Federa

OLIVER PHELPS,

(Successor to Phelps & Phelps.)

U.S. Pension Attorney

Point Pleasant, W. Va.

DROMPT attention given to the col-

DENTISTS.

Dr. Lewis McC. Gibbs,

DENTAL - SURGEON.

POINT PLEASANT.

may 9-3m.

Office over Smith's Grocery Store.

ESTABLISHED IN 1867.

Marine and Stationary

ENGINE BUILDERS.

FROM 15 TO 150 HORSE POWER.

Boiler Makers and Sheet Iron Workers,

and Boilers

ON HAND FOR SALE.

Builders in the Southwest.

DEALERS IN

Gas Pipe and Fittings, Leather and Rubber Belting, Hose, Sheet Rubber &c.

Gallipolis, Ohio.

MUSICAL.

H. R. Howard,

The Place to Save Money In Buying

Clothlng, Gents' Furnishing Goods HATS, CAPS, &c.

We have no shop-worn goods, nor have we any auction goods to sell you, but we will show you the nicest and cleanest stock of goods you ever looked at, at figures that will astonish you.

Lower Than the Lowest! **CHEAPER THAN THE CHEAPEST!**

The handsomest line of neckwear, and the nobbiest styles in Hats ever shown in the town. Most respectfully,

LOUIS KLEIN,

CHAIN OF CONFIDENCE

USANDYOU

We keep all kinds of Hardware, Stoves, Plows, Nails, Bar Iron, Doors, Sash

FILSON BROS.,

POINT PLEASANT, W. VA.

JOB PRINTING.

Lime, Cement, Oils, Paints, Wagons, Hoes, Rakes, Shovels, Tinware, Queensware,

and everything you will find in a first-class Hardware Store, at the LOWEST

FAIRNESS, QUALITY, QUANTITY, SERVICE,

VITAL TO MANHOOD.

may2-1y.

QUANTITY, SERVICE, CHEAPNESS, VARIETY,

PRICES. Bo Tin Roofing and Spouting a specialty.

GEMS IN VERSE.

Our blue eyed daughter with locks of gold, Rosy and dimpled and eight years old. Went to Sunday school one fine day, When grass was springing in balmy May. The question swiftly went round the class And soon came the turn of our little lass. "Your duty to neighbors?" the teacher said: Promptly replied our golden head, "I don't know that kind of duty, you see, But I know plain duty as well as can be." His hand on her curls the teacher laid, "Well, what is "plain duty,' my little maid?" "Why, duty's the thing"—with a moment's thought—"That, you don't want to do, but you know "That you don't want to do, but you know you ought!"

Winter Song.
Sing me a song of the dead world,
Of the great frost deep and still,
Of the sword of fire the wind hurled
On the iron bill.

Sing me a song of the driving snow, Of the reeling cloud and the smoky drift, Where the sheeted wraiths, like ghosts, go Through the gloomy rift.

Sing me a song of the ringing blade, Of the snari and shatter the light ice

makes,
Of the whoop and the swing of the snowshoe raid
Through the cedar brakes. Sing me a song of the apple loft, Of the corn, and the nuts, and the mounds of meal,
Of the sweeping whir of the spindle soft
And the spinning wheel.

Sing me a song of the open page, Where the ruddy gleams of the firelight

In the purple sky.

The Minstrels of the Marshes

The long, gaunt shadows of the trees stretched far beyond my sight

and then they tuned their hiddles, and they gathered their trombones

And took once more their cornets, with their shrill and searching tones.

And a hoarse and foggy basso, which first seemed to start beyond

The deepest depths of deepness, shook the waters of the pond,

And with a icovous cestary that tided ill for

The chirping, shricking tree toad played selections on his fife. The countless vagrant insects madly joined them in the rac

And the players played their maddest in a

CONNECTING LINKS ENOS, HILL & CO., And that is why I listen when the evening shadows creep town there among the lilles where the tenor pipes "knee deep." Farmers' Volce -Farmers' Voice.

Hard is his lot, indeed, and sad his life. Who needs must leave his happy home, his wife, His babes, his friends—all that the heart in-

And he of different mold is wretched, too. Who has ambitions, longs for something new, Who craves adventures, whom no hap ap-Second Hand Engines palls, Yet whom each day brings but the wonted

The Most Successful Propeller wight!—
Is he whom fashion and the world polite Drag out to nightly dinners, routs and balls. There, be his moods and tenses what they may. There he must smirk and smile, be perk and

gay,
Tattle and talk, and dance the night away,
Nor then is done, for he has still to pay
His duty calls.

—Ladles' Home Journal.

Upon the wall. Her back is arched, but not from fright-

She does not pur nor mew.

She does not pur nor stir nor go; She's never blue nor ruffed— Because she died five years ago And then was neatly stuffed, —William E. S. Fales.

Distant Things.

And black is the nearby rock!

Though glitters the snow on the peaks afar, At our feet it is only white, And bright is the gleam of the distant star, Though a lamp were twice as bright!

The rose that nods beyond our reach
Is redder than rose of ours.
Of thought that turns our tongue to speech
Our fellows leave greater dowers.
The waters that flow from the hidden springs Are sweeter than those by our side, So we strive through life for the distant things

The Bright Side of It. Life isn't all lilies and clover, But it's no use to kick up a row.
Don't grieve o'er the milk you've turned over
While there's hay in the loft for the cow.
—Atlanta Constitution.

His Prismatic Highness

hearty laugher. On one occasion his royal highness laughed very heartily should the prince speak to any of them. And when the heir apparent accosted a bright eyed lad, and point- and sat down on a large flat stone. ing to a prismatic compass asked, "What is this?" the youngster, all in a flutter, replied, "Please, it's a royal compass, your prismatic highness"—on which came peal after peal of royal "laughter without any control." tected men.

Restlessly Pietro turned around. At last he whispered: "How long is this comedy to last? Let us make an end with bambino!" Paolo gave him advanced. In spite of all precautions as warning. For some time Pietro turned around. At last he whispered: "How long is this comedy to last? Let us make an end with bambino!" Paolo gave him advanced. In spite of all precautions as warning. For some time Pietro turned around. At last he whispered: "How long is this comedy to last? Let us make an end with bambino!" Paolo gave him advanced. In spite of all precautions as warning. For some time Pietro turned around. At last he whispered: "How long is this comedy to last? Let us make an end with bambino!" Paolo gave him planes.—Meehan's Monthly.

Solve the compass asked, in the composition of the opportunity for looking down upon it, referred to. The avenues on either side are lined with European planes.—Meehan's Monthly.

The compass asked, in the composition of the opportunity for looking down upon it, referred to. The avenues on either side are lined with European planes.—Meehan's Monthly.

The composition of the composition of the opportunity for looking down upon it, referred to. The avenues on either side are lined with European planes.—Meehan's Monthly.

BEAR HUNT.

y first overland journey to ia, in 1851, we made camp the walls formed the roof. She ing among the foothills on eastern slope of Book moun-

Indians had troubled us nor been seen for the preceding s, we somewhat relaxed our med vigilance on this occa-The 10 wagons were cornalled but instead of being confined the inclosure after nightfall rses and mules were merely d and allowed to graze at will rich buffalo grass of a little lying between two adjacent ig the stock was a valuable

ghbred mare, belonging to by a bullet. No attempt was made unt, our guide. During the this animal had brought forth a foal, a lovely little thing, now 2 weeks old, the especial pride of its owner and the pet of the whole paryoungster's sire was a great store by it and would not have parted with it for its weight inwell, perhaps not gold, but certainly

The colt of course was not shackled in any way, and when last seen was playfully gamboling about its moth-

In order to reach this particular camping place we had that day made an exceptionally long march, and every man of us was unusually tired. So, believing that no danger of any kind threatened, we did not post sentries at all, but retired early to our wagon beds for a good sleep.

The night passed quietly, and nothing occurred to disturb our slumbers until just at daylgreak in the morning. Then all were suddenly awak-ened by a confused, thunderous trampling, blended with the noise of clashing metal. "Indians, Indians!" some one shout-

ed, as, grasping our ready weapons, we tumbled out to the ground. "Indians nothing!" said 'the guide.
"If 'twas, you'd never've had a chance to say so. The reds don't gen'rally wake folks up that way. Why, thunder alive, boys, it's a stampede of the

cattle! See them come!" Sure enough. In the gray light of the dawn we now saw, only a few yards from the corral, the whole drove of horses and mules clattering painfully along, apparently in frantic efforts to escape some impending peril. A perfect picture of terrified rage, Tount's mare led the van, but the precious colt was nowhere to be

"Here, Flora, here! What's the matter, old girl?" soothingly called Sam, stepping out of the inclosure. In response to the well known voice, the beautiful creature limped up to her master's side, and distressfully whinnying rubbed her nose against his cheek, while her great, frightened eyes seemed, plainly as articulate speech, to appeal for help.

"Boys!" excitedly shouted Sam "something's happened to the colt. Come along, half a dozen of you, The basso croaks his lower notes in just the | quick! The others must stick to the corral, for it's just possible the cattle may have scented Indians."

I and five others, who happened to be fully dressed, instantly started off with our leader, hoping to find that the foal had merely been left behind by the herd, scared perhaps by a prowling wolf or two. The little dell where the stock had been feeding was about 400 yards from camp. On arriving there, we could at first see no signs of the colt, but present-

ly, as the light broadened into day, Tount, who was scouring the outer edge of the valley, uttered a startled Hurrying up to him, we saw a

small pool of blood on a spot of grassess ground, in the shade of a great bowlder, and right in the middle of the patch so moistened the enormous footprints of a bear! "My little beauty's gone, boys-

killed and carried off by a grizzly, moaned Sam. "See where the brute's dragged it away to the hills." There could be no doubt of the fact,

for a broad trail of crushed grass, flecked by occasional spots of blood, led directly toward the mountain, though in some places the powerful fore he said: monster had evidently borne his prey "I am going clear of the ground altogether. Sam was furious. "Boys, we'll kill

that old devil if we have to stay here | crime. a week," he savagely said, "but I guess we can do it this afternoon. You can see by the looks of the blood that he's not been gone long. What do you say, shall we go on now or return to camp and get breakfast first?"

"Best take a square meal to begin ton, behind which the sun had disappeared.

Hurriedly our friends mounted, but soon the darkness increased and threatened to make the return impossible. The boy, however, feeling quite comfortable after an unusually good repast, showed great confidence. Every few minutes he would stretch out his hands like a signboard, crying, "Girgenti." The two travelers had lost all faith in him. They only trusted their eyes, which could discern nothing but a pathless, stony ground with little vegetation. They would not have ventured to proceed with the journey had not the horse of Signor Ernesto, left to himself, continued his way through the dark-

ness, following only his instinct.

Not so Miss Evelyn's animal. He would stand still at intervals, and at last fell back entirely. The signorina, by coaxing and patting, tried in vain to effect some progress. She called to her friends, but no answer. The strong wind drowned the sound of man. Good night!" her voice. She was alone in the darkness in an unknown place, far from any human habitation. Yet she did not lose her presence of mind. She dismounted, left her horse to his fate

At last she stood in front of an old ruin, the opening of which, covered with an old rug, was turned toward her. A mighty stone slab laid over heard voices inside. Hurriedly she climbed over the stones that sep-arated her from the entrance and ushed the curtain aside. She found herself in a space lighted by a burning piece of pitch pine and occupied by Paolo Saviello and two brigands.

One of these, a fellow grown old in a life of sin and crime, lay on the morning before Paolo, with three bandits, had tried to stop a diligence They were received with well aimed One of the robbers was killed at once; the other had his chest torn open ishment. to capture the outlaws, and the coach 'Holy Madonna, pray for me.'

soon disappeared from view. Paolo and the only remaining bandit carried the wounded man on their guns to the place described. The latter was doomed. He breathed with great difficulty, and there was no hope for

the rising sun, which should bring bed and spoke to him. He wagge

ly denouncing him. The more Paolo through his misdeeds separated him-self from the society of the good and born world around her.

the more savage he showed himself fore him as at a miracle. Evelyn in and determined to give his master toward the world the more unsettled quired for the sick man. Paolo rose the benefit of them. There was no and quickly answered, "He sleeps in peace." Rallying, he asked her: "Are you ready? They will be looking for you at Girgenti."

help for it. I was held prisoner and could do nothing but sit down and wait patiently for one of the party to come to my relief. No one came unbecame his mind. Frequently in the night a secret terror would seize him; and with fearful anxiety he would look for a way out of his troubles to a peaceful state of mind. Sometimes

horse was seen feeding. Paolo caught time my long absence had caused my But then it occurred to him that the animal. Then, asking Miss Eve friends to suspect that I was being lyn to put her foot on his hand, he lifted her into the saddle. Quickly dog no grudge for his faithful zeal, sanctimonious life would never extinguish from his mind the memory moving, he easily kept step with the horse. He looked as happy as a man me come and go and take whatever The first misfortune had befallen nim this morning-one of his old felwho is going to participate in a festilows dead, the other one dying. Now val. When Girgenti came in sight, he listened to the labored breathing he told the signorina that his office as a guide was ended. Miss Evelyn in him spoke to him thus: "The next dismissed him, insisting that he must time it will be your turn, Paolo, and come to get a reward for his service when you are gone there will be re-

joicing among all the just ones wher ever your name is known. Feared like a ferocious animal in God's creaglove." tion, you will end as such. And fixedly he stared at the ground

before him, shaken by feverish tre-At this moment the curtain was lifted, and Signorina Evelyn, like a heavenly messenger, appeared to his enchanted eyes. She was a being of strangely rare beauty, surrounded by the glory of youthful innocence and purity. The idea never occurred to Paolo that this apparition could be one of flesh and blood, like himself. good man. Overcome by awe, he fell on his knees, crying: "Holy Madonna Blessed Virgin!"

The signorina smiled at the pros trate vagabond, who offered to her the highest tribute of veneration, am a human being like yourself,' she said, with a foreign accent, "and have lost my way. I shall be grateful to you for a shelter and protect tion for the night, and tomorrow you pray for me!"-Exchange. Paolo, still full of fear, rose to his feet, and, touching her white fin

gers, which she willingly offered to him, he said, "Madonna, whoever you may be, I am your slave; dispose The signorina looked around in the

strange, narrow room, where, stretched out on the ground, lay the two "Who are you?" she inquired curi

ously. "Poor shepherds," Paolo answered embarrassedly. "We have hidden

carried away by his imagination.

may lead me back to Girgenti."

of me.

here from the storm." "And the old gentleman there-he

looks so pale. Is he ill?" "He has a fever," Paolo cautiously answered. While he said this the idea horrified him that the stare of the dying man might meet the unsuspecting look of his guest. There-

"I am going to prepare you a room, where you may be alone." He called Pietro, his comrade in

"Wake up, Pietro, make room. We have a guest!" Half asleep yet, Pietro rose from

his couch, and glancing at the jewels on Evelyn's arms he muttered to Pa- publican's face, the beggar's face, the

you get hold of her?" tality, said:

"Keep still and do what I tell you She shall be treated like the Madon na herself." He untied the rope that carried the

curtain and turned it so that the inclosed space separated them from the famous Horticultural hall, which was dying man. Pietro stood aside lean. left over since the Centennial expoing against the wall and observed sition, is regarded as one of the finest with a cynical smile his captain's ac- structures in the United States. The tions, which he could not under ground, however, on which it was stand. Paolo spread his mantle on erected, being somewhat level, did the stones, and stepping back said:

the mantle into a silken cover, I a long distance, which thus afforded to brag about how happy a home he should not hesitate!" sweetly asked.

"I shall watch for you, madonna." "But I do not see any danger here," ing system known as carpet bedding, Miss Evelyn smilingly answered, "yet I thank you from the bottom of my heart. You are a brave, good pet bedding system was that from the

in single drops; in a few minutes it measure given way to the continual under his orders more subjects than fell in sheets, drenching the unprodesire for change which permeates the Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe

did not move, then he crawled up in the direction of the curtain. Paolo | Rex's Broad Grin Was Not to Be Triffed now began to quarrel with him and finally stabbed Pietro, causing his instant death. Horrified by his rash visited a party of friends in the Bendeed, he looked to see if his guest digo goldfields in Australia, where I had been awakened, but there was was cordially welcomed. Among the no move behind the curtain. "Blessed | valued possessions of my friends was be the holy Madonna!" he muttered. an English mastiff, which belonged "This shall be the last one," he said to one of the gentlemen.

him to live through the night. I have

him salvation.

of darkness in the east vanished, and about his intentions. Not at all. soon the sun rose from the sea, sending her golden rays to Sicily's mountains. Then Evelyn, beautiful in her to know that Rex's broad grin was innocence, threw back the curtain no mere notion, but, on the contrary, which separated her from the outside world and gazed with large, enchanted eyes at the wonders of the new. him again, set down the kettle and

"Madonna, if you will permit me a token of your favor, may it be your

She gave it to him with a smile. He covered it with kisses and hid it in his breast. There he carried it till his death. The same evening Paolo confessed all his crimes to the priest and then gave himself up to the au-He was condemned to be executed. The signorina lived in his memory as a higher being to the last. The only kind word the poor man had heard since his childhood had come from her lips, "You are a brave,

This sounded in his ears like celestial music. He did not know that cidentally be brought about through when Miss Evelyn heard through the some unknown agency every vestige papers about her companion's char- of animal life would perish from the acter she was shocked almost to face of the earth in a very short time death. Before Paolo was executed he took the glove, kissed it again and gave it to the priest, saying, "Tell fact that everything would be wrap this present to her." A little later when his eyes were covered he was heard to whisper, "Holy Madonna,

Characteristic Trademarks. "Have you ever observed how many people carry some distinguishing mark of occupation or habit?" asked a phrenologist. "Now, see. That man is a jeweler. Do you see the peculiar wrinkles around his right eye and eyebrow? Those come from habitually carrying his jewel-er's glass there. Half those passers by are desk workers. Their shoul-

ders droop. "See that young lady? When she is at home, she sits with her left leg drawn up under her-sits on it, in fact. The knee is forced out. See where it hits her skirts? Her walk is one sided in consequence. "Those young men are bicycle

riders. They walk on their toes like a schoolgirl. A man's occupation or condition has a good deal to do with making his facial expression. Soldiers get a hard, severe look; overworked laborers constantly look tired; reporters look inquisitive; mathematicians look studious. Judges become grave, even when off the bench. The business makes the face, I say. "There are the butcher's face, the

ministerial face, the lawyer's face, "Where in the devil's name did the doctor's face, all so distinct each from the other and singly, that one Paolo, ashamed of the man's bru- seldom fails to recognize those callings showing through the countenance."

A Sunken Garden.

One of the most beautiful features in Fairmount park during the sumnot show off the building to its best "Be this your boudoir for the night, madonna! Could I make these lighted on the happy idea of making night, madonna! Could I make these stones to turn into soft pillows and lighted on the happy idea of making deal of his home," said old Mrs. Jathe Sunken garden, extending it for son, "but when he stays out all night the opportunity of adding to the ap- has I think he is carrying his affec-"And where will you stay?" she parent elevation of the building and tion a little too far."-Induzapolis at the same time furnishing a tract Journal. for flower gardening under the masswhich was at that time so popular. One of the weaknesses of this car-

point of view of the observer looking | Napoleon visited the works at Essen, The two bandits retired. Outside they lay down. Neither of them spoke. Soon it began to rain; first humanity. It is still a great favorite who married Princess Victoria, the

A TRUSTY GUARDIAN.

More than 40 years ago, in 1851, I

The good understanding between In the heavenly light of purity and innocence, which had fallen into the have become so well established durdarkened soul of the lost one, with ing the evening that on the next day Evelyn's appearance his own wicked- I left the claim where my friends ness and guilt revealed itself to him were at work to fetch a kettle of tea with a force unknown to him before. from the tent without the least mis 'You must pay for what you have giving to my reception by him. Rex, done," his conscience said. He bowed who was always allowed to run loose, his head. "Your life is forfeited came forward to meet me. He al-Confess your sins, and mercy alone lowed me to stroke his head, and so can save you from everlasting pun- far as I could see showed no interest On his knees he prayed, in my movements as I entered the tent and took a drink of the tea, but Then he rose, took the murdered when I started to leave the tent with man's body on his shoulders. "She the kettle of tea in my hand imagmust not see him," the voice in him | ine my astonishment when I saw the said. He carried his victim to a cave supposed friend Rex facing me and near by, covering the remains with showing his teeth in a very threatening way. I put down the kettle, seat-Returning, he sat down to wait for ed myself on the edge of the camp his tail and looked so friendly that I Mysteriously and gradually the veil | thought I must have made a mistake

The moment I attempted to leave the tent with the kettle I had reason a real sign that he was true to his trust as he understood it. I talked to attempted to leave without it. Still Paolo stared at the apparition be Rex objected. He had his doubts At some distance the signorina's til nearly two hours later, by which I wished.—St. Nicholas.

If it were possible for one to rise above the stratum of air which surrounds the planet earth, the sun would appear to the observer as a huge, sharply outlined ball of fire, while everything else would be wrapped in impenetrable darkness there could be no sensation of light conveyed to the brain without an atmosphere for the sun's rays to act upon. But, on the contrary, if the earth's atmosphere extended to a height of 700 miles instead of 45 or 50, as is probably the case, the sun's heat and rays could never penetrate

Had such have been the state of things "in the beginning," this earth would never have been populated with its varied forms of animal life. But should such a state of affairs ac be augmented a thousand fold by the ped in darkness darker than the blackest midnight.—St. Louis Republic.

To Fill Out the Cheeks.

Most faces that are thin are apt to be hollow between the upper and lower jaws, and two exercises are recommended for filling out the cheeks. Take two small pieces of rubber, such as come at the ends of lead pencils, and insert on each side of the mouth between the back teeth. Close the teeth on them and chew, spreading the teeth only just far enough to keep the rubbers in their places and shutting them with all the force possible. After this put the forefinger in the mouth and rub it against the cheek, pressing it outward in every way, reaching as far back as possible. It is said that by regularly following facial exercises daily the face may be kept rounded and firm in its outlines, and that even old and relaxed muscles may be greatly strengthened and improved.

His Sense of Honor.

-America.

A Russian peasant was, for some offense or other, declared to have for-feited all special rights and privileges. The full gravity of the punishment was brought home to him as follows:

"Henceforth you can never be appointed headman of your village (the peasant bowed), nor be called as a witness (he bowed again), nor serve on a jury (another bow), nor enlist as a soldier.

The peasant bowed deeper still and "Your honor, would it not be pos-

sible to relieve me of the duty of paying taxes?" Another version is to the effect

that the peasant expressed his thanks and earnestly pleaded: "Could you not manage at their

same time to relieve my son, Mikolka, of these rights?"-Scewernski Westnik.

"I like to see a man think a good

The Krupp family, whose fame for weapons of warfare is universal, isconsidered to have attained the dignity of a dynasty. When Prince

Trespass Notice. County, West Virginia, by traveling over, fishing, hunting, cutting timber or in any other manner, without our written permission, under penalty of prosecution. J. & W. YAUGER. Debby, W. Va., Apr. 11, '94-4w. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest. CATARRH

OUR PRICES ARE LOW. OUR WORK THE BEST.

unday, May 27th, 1894. NORTH BOUND. No. 1 arrives 8 35 a. m.—(Flyer.)

11 arrives 2 54 p. m. (Mail & Ex

15 arrives 6 30 p. m. (Accom.)

16 leaves 5 50 a. m. (Accom.)

SOUTH BOUND.

OHIO CENTRAL LINES.

" 16 arrives 6 45 a. m. (Accom.) " 60 arrives 6 45 a. m. (Accom.) Trains No. 1 and 2 run solid between A LL persons are hereby notified not to trespass on any of our lands in Cologne and Cooper districts, Mason County, West Virginia, by traveling over, fishing, hunting, cutting timber or in any other manner, without our tween Point Pleasant and Gauley Bridge. Trains No. 1 and 7 this sond between Charleston and Toledo, with new Pullman Drawing Room Chair Car, both ways. Trains Nos. 10 and 11 run solid between Columbus, Ohio, and Gauley Bridge. Trains No. 1 and 7 this sond between Charleston and Toledo, with new Pullman Drawing Room Chair Car, both ways. Trains Nos. 10 and 11 run solid between Charleston and Toledo, with new Pullman Drawing Room Chair Car, both ways. Trains Nos. 10 and 11 run solid between Charleston and Toledo, with new Pullman Drawing Room Chair Car, both ways. Trains Nos. 10 and 11 run solid between Columbus, Ohio, and Gauley Bridge. and trains Nos. 60 and 61 run between

> maps, rates, &c., and through tickets to all points, call on H. B. ASBURY, AGENT,

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

s now metter equipped that is merely "trimming." You know how it is with a dress—the trimming ever before, to execute good printing. We have just added a new lot of job faces to our already large stock, and with the aid of two job presses, can turn out arge quantities of work in a very short ime. We never disappoint our customers, but always give them their work at the time promised.

how it is with a dress—the trimming may be made to cost more than all the rest. It you need that sort of a dress, all right. Still, for ordinary mortals, a plainer dress of just as good material would do just as well. The

FISCHER, BALDWIN, and

SCHUBERT pianos are "ALL SILK" Central Standard Time. In effects but they are not so fancy as some others. That's the reason they cost so

> H. STEVENSON. Gallipolis, Ohio,

No. 2 arrives 9 23 p. m. (Flyer.)
"10 arrives 2 00 p. m. (Mail & Ex. and ORGANS.

C. M. DASHNER,

Gun and Locksmith, POINT PLEASANT. SHOT GUNS choke-bored for close and hard shooting. Locks repaired and keys fitted. Bicycles and Velocipedes repaired scissors sharpened, &c. july 12 22

Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing, it is general debulty. Try
BROWN'S IRON BITTERN.

It will cure you, cleanse your liver, and give a good appetite.

dance, Where bends my love Armitage Reading an old romance. Sing me a song of the still nights, Of the large stars steady and high, The aurora darting its phosphor lights

They're serenading me tonight. Their voices They're serenading me tonight. Their voices clear and strong
Rise through the summer atmosphere in joyous bursts of song.

The sun has set an hour or more, but bright against the sky
Flash meteors of yellow light as glowworms wander by.

And through the reeds down by the marsh they flicker to and fro
And light my merry minstrels with their magic lamps aglow.

This evening when the sun went down I saw a meadow lark Creep down into her grassy nest before the

And then they tuned their fiddles, and they

And with a joyous ecstasy that tided ill for sleep The basso roared his "bull jrom" and the tenor The cricket on the doorpost fiddled, fiddled for

And buzzed a soothing second to the big frog's sobbing bass, And a night bird, passing over, cried a sudden

The cricket plays the same old tune as when, a boyish guest, listened to his playing when his touch was at The tree, toad plays as years ago I used to hear

When Duty Calls.

And go to banishment in foreign lands, Or go to war and stain with blood his hands, When duty calls.

The weary task at office, bank or store, Unhappy both! But wretched more-poor

Lines to My Cat. Upon my desk my cat reclines
In customary grace.
The mellow yellow lamplights fall
Upon her happy face
And throw in silhouette her lines

No cruel dog is nigh, Nor is it that my birds tonight About the chamber fly. Her face is fixed on mine, but yet

I wonder if e'en cats forget, Like me and others too

Oh, white is the sail in the faraway, And dirty the sail at the dock, And fair are the cliffs across the bay,

And never are satisfied!

—Elwyn Irving Hoffman.

The Prince of Wales is a very at a Hindoo schoolboy. The youngsters had been drilled into the propriety of saying, "Your royal highness"